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TRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

BY

Rev. Daniel Freeman Bradley

PASTOR OF

Pilgrim Congregational Church

CLEVELAND, O.

At New England Society Banquet

Dec. 22nd, 1910

“WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT”



COMPLIMENTS OF

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
CLEVELAND, O.

CHARLES WILLIAM BURROWS,
PRESIDENT

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In my judgment the man who best represents the New England spirit of our time in his personality, in his temperament, in his education, in his sane religious hope, and in his freedom from hysteria, in his belief in God and his confidence in men and his loyalty to the laws of his country, and his sympathy with men of all colors under the flag, is that New Englander, graduate of Yale and citizen of Ohio, who today occupies the place of greatest ruler among the nations of mankind. I know that jackdaws are pecking at him—that the frogs in the ooze are croaking at him—that the buzzards in the trees are flapping their foul wings at him—that all the bats and all the owls and all the vampires are doing their best to discredit him. But there's no case against this man who inherits in his blood and in his training the finest of the New England qualities. I like his loyalty to his friend (**Ballinger**), whom he believes to be honest and competent, and that he has not listened to those who would indict and convict and punish a man in the newspapers and magazines without a hearing. I like a man who, like Mayor Gaynor, is not afraid of that most irresponsible of tyrants that has arisen in public life—the unscrupulous newspaper—the unscrupulous magazine. I like him for his loyalty to the Constitution of the United States and his refusal to let himself slump into becoming the great Pooh Bah of American politics, the President, the Congress, and the Judiciary, all packed in one. I like him for his great patience and courtesy even to

men who upon him have exhausted the vocabulary of vituperation. I have watched him with thrilling interest as he took up his herculean labors to secure for the American people, by due process of law and by deliberate decisions of the courts, what they have been clamoring for in vain—namely the curbing of the big corporations, the crushing of the dishonest and disreputable combines—and the punishing of the great rascals in high places. I have seen him bring about the establishment of a juster law for the railroads—a Tariff Court and a Commerce Court for the trial of commerce causes—the establishment of postal savings for the protection of earnings—a taxation of all corporations doing interstate commerce business—and submission to the legislatures of the states of an amendment, to make possible an income tax. What four Presidents in twenty-five years have sought, in vain, to do, he has brought to pass. I have seen him strive and finally secure, backed by our Puritan Senator, a Harbor bill that contained no pork barrel, an actual reduction of expenses in the running of the government, and a better business administration of the public service. I have seen his courteous treatment of the little powers in Central America, and in spite of provocation that would have made us swiftly interfere under other administrations, keep our hands off the miserable little barbarians and respect their national life. I have seen him after ten years of constant effort and argument, at last persuade the American people to be just to the people of the Phillipine Islands and to Porto Rico, and to allow them to prosper by entering more freely into the markets of the Re-

public. I am proud that he—a son of New England, should forget all partizanship and all prejudice, and appoint to the highest position among the judges of the earth, a Confederate soldier and a Catholic Democrat from Louisiana. His mistakes, if there have been any, are trivial—his achievements have been colossal.

Some of us who follow the struggles on the gridiron, were thrilled last fall, when after a disastrous beginning, the boys from Yale went down into the arena to meet their old rivals from Princeton, and then again to contend with the most formidable foot-ball aggregation ever gotten together in an American College, from Harvard. Everybody said Yale was doomed. The betting was against them—but there's a bull-dog fighting spirit about the old College at New Haven, of which dopesters failed to take account—and when the boys were through with Princeton, and the Harvard men went home again, to parody Tennyson.

“Ever upon the topmost roof the blue banner of Eli flew.”

For Yale has a way of “coming back,” and I present you as my final word—“The President, William Howard Taft, the Modern Puritan.” “He is from Yale, and **he will come back.**”



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